

Mal. Ioue knowes I loue, but who, Lips do not moue, no man must know. No man must know. What followes? The numbers alter d: No man must know, If this should be thee *Maluolio*?

To. Marrie hang thee brocke.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucrese's knife:

With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, *M.O. A.I.* doth sway my life.

Fa. A fustian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. *M.O. A.I.* doth sway my life. Nay but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dith a poyson has she drest him?

To. And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why shee may command me: I serue her, shee is my Ladie. Why this is euidet to any formall capacite. There is no obstruction in this, and the end: What should that Alphabetical position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? So fely, *M.O. A.I.*

To. O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold sent.

Fab. Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. *M. Maluolio, M.* why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers vnder probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O* shall end, I hope.

To. I, or Ie cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. *M.O. A.I.* This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for e- uery one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here fol- lowes prose: If this fall into thy hand, reuolue. In my stars I am about thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some are become great, some atcheues greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse thrust vpon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to in- uere thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy selfe into the trickes of singularity. Shee thus aduises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a ste- ward still, the fellow of seruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers. Farewell, Shee that would alter seruices with thee, the fortunate vnhappy daylight and champion discouers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade pollicke Authours, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point deuise, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let imagination iade mee; for euery reason excites to this, that my Lady loues me. Shee did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legges being crosse- garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my loue, & with a kinde of inunction driues mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will bee strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd,

euery with the swiftnesse of putting on. Ioue, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not chouse but know who I am. If thou entertainst my loue, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. There- fore in my presence still smile, deere my sweete, I prethee. Ioue* I thanke thee, I will smile, I will do euery thing that thou wilt haue me.

Fab. I will not giue my part of this sport for a peni- on of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this deuice.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but such ano- ther iest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

To. Wilt thou set thy foote o' my necke.

An. Or o' mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and become thy bondslane?

An. I faith, or I either?

Tob. Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that when the image of it leaues him, he must run mad.

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour shee abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile vpon her, which will now be so vsfutable to her dispo- sition, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell of wit.

And. He make one too.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundus

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Viola. Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue by thy Tabor?

Clow. No fir, I liue by the Church.

Viola. Art thou a Churchman?

Clow. No such matter fir, I do liue by the Church: For, I do liue at my house, and my house dooth stand by the Church.

Viola. So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Ta- bor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clow. You haue said fir: To see this age: A sentence is but a cheu'rill gloue to a good witte, how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

Viola. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clow. I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

Viola. Why man?

Clow. Why fir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede, words are very Rascales, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Viola. Thy reason man?

Clow.

Clow. Troth fir, I can yeeld you none without wordes, and wordes are growne so false, I am loath to proue, rea- son with them.

Viola. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

Clow. Not so fir, I do care for something: but in my con- science fir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for no- thing fir, I would it would make you inuisible.

Viola. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s foole?

Clow. No indeede fir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, shee will keepe no foole fir, till she be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Hus- bands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir cor- rupter of words.

Viola. I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino*'s.

Clow. Foolery fir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines euery where. I would be sorry fir, but the Foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mi- stris: I thinke I saw your wisdom there.

Viola. Nay, and thou passe vpon me, Ile no more with thee: Hold there's expences for thee.

Clow. Now loue in his next commodity of hayre, send thee a beard.

Viola. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sicke for one, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Clow. Would not a paire of these haue bred fir?

Viola. Yes being kept together, and put to vse.

Clow. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* fir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

Viola. I vnderstand you fir, tis well begg'd.

Clow. The matter I hope is not great fir, begging, but a begger: *Cressida* was a begger. My Lady is within fir. I will conser to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say Ele- ment, but the word is out-worne.

Viola. This fellow is wise enough to play the foole, And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit: He must obserue their mood on whom hee lists, The quality of persons, and the time: And like the Haggard, checke at euery Feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a Wife-mans Art: For folly that hee wisely shewes, is fir; But wisemens folly false, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Saue you Gentleman.

Viola. And you fir.

And. *Dieu von guard Monsieur.*

Viola. *Et vous ouste vostre seruiture.*

An. I hope fir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desi- rous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Viola. I am bound to your Neece fir, I meane shee is the list of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges fir, put them to motion.

Viola. My legges do better vnderstand me fir, then I vn- derstand what you meane by bidding me taste my legges.

To. I meane to go fir, to enter.

Viola. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are preuented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentleman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine O- dours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.

Viola. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne

most pregnant and vouchsafed

And. Odours, pregnant, and all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be my hearing. Giue me your hand.

Viola. My dutie Madam, and

Ol. What is your name?

Viola. *Cesario* is your seruants name.

Ol. My seruant fir? 'Twas ne-

Since lowly feigning was call'd y're seruant to the Count *Orsino*.

Viola. And he is yours, and his your seruants seruant, is your ser-

Ol. For him, I thinke not on-

Would they were blankes, rather

Viola. Madam, I come to whe-

On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leave I pray y-

I had you neuer speake againe of

But would you vnderstande anothe-

I had rather heare you, to solici-

Then Musicke from the spheares

Viola. Deere Lady.

Ol. Giue me leaue, beseech y-

After the last enchantment you d-

A Ring in chace of you. So did I

My selfe, my seruant, and I feare

Vnder your hard construction m-

To force that on you in a shamef-

Which you knew none of yours.

Haue you not set mine Honor at

And baited it with all th'vnmuzz-

That tyrannous heart can thinke?

Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, no

Hides my heart: so let me heare

Viola. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to loue.

Viola. No not a grize: for tis a

That verie oft we pittie enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinks 'tis

O world, how apt the poore are

If one should be a prey, how mu-

To fall before the Lion, then the

Clocke strikes

The clocke vpbraides me with th-

Be not affraid good youth, I will

And yet when wit and youth is c-

your wife is like to reape a prop-

There lies your way, due West.

Viola. Then Westward hoe:

Grace and good disposition atten-

you'l nothing Madam to my Lor-

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me w-

Viola. That you do thinke you

Ol. If I thinke so, I thinke th-

Viola. Then thinke you right:

Ol. I would you were, as I v-

Viola. Would it be better Mad-

I wish it might, for now I am y-

Ol. O what a deale of scornes

In the contempt and anger of his

A murderous guilt shewes not it

Then loue that would seeme hid

Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and

I loue thee so, that maugre all thy

Z